

bathed. So I went into the water without being a pagan. The consequence was that I was not tempted by either sirens or mermaidens, or any of the green-haired following of Glaucus. I really think that this is a remarkable thing. In my Pagan days the sea was always full of Tritons blowing conchs, and other unpleasant things. Now it is quite different. And yet you treat me as the President of Mansfield College^x, and after I had canonized you too.

Dear boy, I wish you would tell me if your religion makes you happy. You conceal your religion from me in a monstrous way. You treat it like writing in the *Saturday Review* for Pollock,² or dining in Wardour Street off the fascinating dish that is served with tomatoes and makes men mad.³ I know it is useless asking you, so don't tell me.

I felt an outcast in chapel yesterday—not really, but a little in exile. I met a dear farmer in a corn field and he gave me a seat on his *bane* in church: so I was quite comfortable. He now visits me twice a day, and as he has no children, and is rich, I have made him promise to adopt *three*—two boys and a girl. I told him that if he wanted them, he would find them. He said he was afraid that they would turn out badly. I told him every one did that. He really has promised to adopt three orphans. He is now filled with enthusiasm at the idea. He is to go to the *cure* and talk to him. He told me that his own father had fallen down in a fit one day as they were talking together, and that he had caught him in his arms, and put him to bed, where he died, and that he himself had often thought how dreadful it was that if he had a fit there was no one to catch him in his arms. It is quite clear that he must adopt orphans, is it not?

I feel that Berneval is to be my home. I really do. Notre Dame de Liesse will be sweet to me, if I go on my knees to her, and she will advise me. It is extraordinary being brought here by a white horse that was a native of the place, and knew the road, and wanted to see its parents, now of advanced years. It is also extraordinary that I knew Berneval existed and was arranged for me.

M. Bonnet⁴ wants to build me a chalet, 1,000 metres of ground (I don't know how much that is—but I suppose about

¹ Mansfield College is an institution for Nonconformist students at Oxford.

* Walter Herries Pollock was editor of the *Saturday Review* till 1894.

² This refers to a story which Wilde was much interested in at the time.

³ The proprietor of the Hotel de la Plage and the local estate agent.